

"Confession! Religion! I have lost all faith. I am confronted with too many objections against—"

"Some of the Commandments," Father Welsby supplemented. "That is what Catholics mean generally when they speak of objections against their religion. A good confession never fails to settle their doubts. Is that not your great objection, Mac, the Commandments?"

The young man bowed his head, but spoke not a word.

"Yes," continued Father Welsby in a most impressive manner, "the want of faith, in most cases, means an unwillingness to live according to faith; it means lack of strength and courage to follow the dictates of right reason and conscience. With the most part of the so-called unbelievers, cowardice to combat and conquer their animal appetites and to subdue their passions is the true reason and ultimate cause of their incredulity. No, my dear Mac, believe me, you have not lost your faith; you have simply followed your passions blindly, and stifled the voice of your conscience. And if you have objections against the holy religion in which you were born and bred, they are groundless and imaginary. The fear of hell is the strongest objection that the impious have against its existence. If you remember well, I was a Protestant when you knew me at Shaftsbury."

"Yes," replied Mac. "How did you become a Catholic?"

"I will tell you in a few words. And first of all, you, dear Mac, have had a great share in the work of my conversion. May the good and merciful God reward you for it."

"How is that?" asked Mac, anxiously.

"Your example at Shaftsbury. You were then a most virtuous, edifying young man; and I attributed your most heroic conduct to the sole fact that you were a Catholic. This set me a thinking, I studied the Catholic religion, and the year after taking my degree of LL. D., I was instructed and baptized by a good, simple and holy priest of my native city. Resolved to consecrate my life solely and entirely to God, I